

great majority of the coffins were buried under the tile floors of the buildings to prevent desecration by lawless characters. An atmosphere of cold, cheerless depression pervades the place, as one walks along the open corridors and looks in upon this and that evidence of what he, too, must arrive at, which the heavy funereal odor of the flowers which line the walks does but little to dissipate. A breath of fresh air and a ray of sunshine is what he wants most.

There are other "sights" in Canton—many of them, some of which the tourist can see and others reserved for those who have time to remain and search them out. The water clock over near the East Wall still drips away the time as it has done for centuries and the same little strips of wood are hung out to tell the people what it says. The introduction of modern clocks has relegated it, however, from the category of a municipal necessity to that of a curio. The "Plain Pagoda," as distinguished from the "Flowery (Ornate) Pagoda," rears its huge grey form out of a mass of debris near the Temple of the Five Genii and tells the story of Mohammedanism in its decadence in southern China. The ruins which surround its base are of the houses once occupied by the last remnants of the Faith, who maintained there a school for the Faithful until the evil times of the Great Rebellion came upon them. The "Flowery Pagoda," now long since closed to visitors on account of being in a state of continual unrepair, is an extremely fine specimen of South China pagodas. Across the street from it is the "British Yamen," originally the "yamen" or official residence of a high provincial official, which was "accepted from the Chinese" at the time of the occupation of Canton following the "Arrow" war. It is a bit of peace in the heart of the great, pulsing life of the city. The visitor, upon application to the civil cadets who find their Chinese studies carried on there with less interruption than in the foreign concessions on the Shameen, is courteously permitted to wander about its huge gardens and to inspect the many relics of better days which it contains. The end walls are still standing there of the largest building in the South—a palace erected by one of the first emperors of the late dynasty for his son, who was sent to Canton to superintend the pacification of that distant section of the Empire. The rest of the building was burned during the occupation. It was from this "yamen" that the British officials directed the government of Canton during the period of its greatest humiliation. The bones of the British soldiers and sailors who fell in the war are buried under the shadow of the East Wall, within a stone's throw of the place where their cannon had opened a breach for them.

Although old with the age of innumerable years, Canton is not of the past. Its greatest show is its almost painful modernness and utter materialism. To see Canton one must look for it in the street—in those long thoroughfares and shops. This he cannot see



Canton uses this canal in the heart of the business district for transportation purposes. The boats serve as delivery wagons.

Press Ill. Service

from any lofty eminence. He must come down into the crowd itself and jostle and be jostled. He has nothing to fear from rapidly moving motor cars, trams or even horse-drawn carriages, for the streets of Canton were not built for them. The heavy laden "coolie" worming his way along under twice his size of burden and the sedan chair, borne at a dog trot, are his chief *bêtes noires*, and if he is experienced in the ways of the East he avoids them by seeking the nearest shop door. The Cantonese crowd is a good-natured crowd, however, and faith, it must be to survive.

The shops of Canton are its pride. There one can find the best of everything the Republic has for sale. If one wants Burma jade, cut by the best Chinese artisans, he will find it in the shops along the Ta Shin Gai—and he will find glass, too. If he is in search of ivory objects he has but to visit "Ivory" street, where he can see the workmen, many of them scarcely more than boys, working on elephants' tusks and apparently oblivious of all but their labor, turning out their superb creations. He can buy there twenty-eight ivory balls, carved one within another—a tooth pick—or a toilet set of unsurpassed workmanship. The finest productions of the silk looms of China, embroidered by skilful fingers in designs and with a regard for color harmony unequalled elsewhere, will be found behind the counters of shops whose windows give but little intimation of the treasures to be had within. Old lacquer, worth its weight in gold, and ancient bronzes, purloined from temples or vanished heirlooms from decadent families, may be had at their best. The searcher for the beautifully carved "blackwood," for which Canton is famous, will find what he seeks in two short streets in the heart of the city, entirely devoted to this trade. He may walk along either of them and cross and recross it, visiting one after another of the shops, and be sure to find somewhere what he desires, be it a card tray or an elaborately conceived cabinet, a wardrobe or a bedroom set. If he doesn't find it, it will be made for

him according to any design he may choose.

The backwardness of the Chinese in adapting power machinery to manufacture leaves them in Canton, as elsewhere, largely in the economic stage known as the "household." There are few factories in the true sense of the word—the shop that sells is also the shop that makes, in many instances, and in others the manufacture is done in the home. The ivory dealer employs his carvers who carry out under his eye the work given them to do—the jade dealer more often than not has his stones cut in the rear of the shop in which he sells them—the vendor of small gold and silver ornaments inlaid with infinitesimal pieces of kingfishers' feathers welcomes you to watch them made. The hammer of the brass-smith assails your ear when you stop to purchase a tray and that of the tin-smith when you pause to watch the transformation of Standard Oil tins into "American" stoves with American names on them.

At one corner you can see the silk turned off from a hand loom and at the next a little almond-eyed woman sitting in her doorway embroidering on it a vision in red and gold. The rattle of coins as the banker counts and recounts his cash enlivens the thud, thud of the miller across the narrow street who is turning wheat into flour by means of a foot mill. One not only sees how the Cantonese live—he hears as well.

There are factories in Canton and its environs, but they are few and have little to do with the lives of the people. There is an up-to-date cement factory on Honam and a large number of steam filatures in and about the city and the government has for its own purpose an arms factory and a powder plant in the suburbs. But these are unnoticed.

The revolution of 1911 cost Canton dearly, but it was her own child. It was conceived and engineered largely by men who came either from within her walls or from the province without them, and it was only natural that she should suffer. The first shot fired was fired at her Tartar-General, and took effect. The first outbreak was the abortive *émeute* of April 27th, when the viceroy's "yamen" was rushed and the assailants beaten off only after a sharp battle. She gave another Tartar-General to the cause on the eve of the open declaration of independence. Through all the period which elapsed between the first signs of trouble and the establishment of local autonomy and for months after, her trade was at a standstill and thousands of her people fled to Hong Kong and elsewhere to escape an apprehended reign of terror. She gave her heart to the second revolution, of last summer, and paid the penalty. Some of her sons fell in battle, some are now in exile and others are buried "outside the East Wall," an euphemism for having fallen under the executioner's sword. She stands, however, still the greatest of Chinese cities in the arts and in commerce, a mecca alike to the seeker of curios and the weaver of dreams around the age-crusted towers of the past.

## The Rebuilding of Louvain By EDWARD SCHULER

Louvain, Belgium, Nov., 1919.

INTEREST in this town has recently been revived by the announcement that a number of wealthy Americans have given funds with which to reconstruct the famous fifteenth century University Library, which became the prey of flames when on the night of August 25, 1914, the invading Germans began sacking and burning the city. Searches have been made through the ruins with the idea of finding some of the priceless library treasures, but nothing but a charred mass of books with illegible pages has been recovered, despite the fact that they have retained their form and their binding. These are the sole relics of the secular library, and even their titles are unknown, so badly burned are they.

At the College of Saint Esprit in Louvain, pious hands have formed a strange museum: old iron, a catalogue case, the debris of a gate leading to the reading room of the library, radiators, some busts of professors covered with decorations but nearly all decapitated, as well as a heap of burned books in the condition just mentioned. These relics will be preserved and doubtless venerated one day.

The firing of the library revealed the manner of the ancient construction of the building and in the reconstruction the fourteenth century architectural plans can be followed. Though the library is to be rebuilt, it will not be used hereafter to house books, but will serve as an administration building. The books will be placed in a new structure in the Rue Vésale, the building of which had already been begun at the time of the war, and which was untouched by the Germans.

Monsignor Ladeuze, Rector of the University, expressed his gratitude for American interest in Louvain and its library, and for all the Americans have done for Belgium.

There are at present 3,200 students compared with 3,000 before the war. There are few ecclesiastical students now and practically no foreigners. Before the war, there were about 300 foreign students.

When the Louvain library was founded in 1636, the search for ancient classical texts had greatly diminished. Efforts were devoted rather to ecclesiastical authors and these figure in greater number in the classics. Of Saint Augustin, the University possessed only "De Civitate Dei" of the twelfth century in handsome Gothic writing, the "Confessions" of the fifteenth century, with initials richly ornamented and the "Epistola ad Selenciam" and some tracts and sermons.

Much more numerous are the manuscripts of works of the latter half of the eleventh to the fifteenth century, among them the celebrated poem of Gautier de Chatillon, the "Alexandreide," composed between 1176 and 1179; the Summa Theologica of William d'Auxerre, 1230, and others.

On entering Louvain the visitor has no idea of the sight of destruction awaiting him farther on in the city. Standing out from spots of desolation is the magnificent Hôtel de Ville, somewhat smaller than its Brussels prototype, which escaped the torch of the invader. Passing the Hôtel de Ville are the ruins of the library. Except for searches for books and inspections to discover the manner in which the building was constructed the ruins have been untouched. It is a considerable task to clear them, and this will not be undertaken until plans are more definite with regard to rebuilding. Of the library, only the outer walls of the structure resisted the flames.

As one continues through the city, there may be observed traces of reconstruction. Here and there it is an isolated dwelling being rebuilt on the old site of the burned home, then farther on are several buildings in a row. In Louvain, as elsewhere, the high cost of construction is an important factor in the reconstruction problem. Some residents affected by the invasion put their all into a home, and the wherewith to reconstruct another is frequently a troublesome matter. Building material is much higher than before the war and the same is true of labor. The indemnity from Germany for use in rebuilding has not yet been re-

ceived and the result is that a householder, or rather an ex-householder is obliged to seek whatever means he can for shelter. In some cases people are rebuilding their homes with only one story, leaving a provisional roof with more stories to be added with the coming of easier times. The government has aided all those desiring to rebuild by advancing portions of the necessary funds, which is to be charged to the prospective German indemnity.

If individual householders are not reconstructing in as large a proportion as might be expected, it can be attributed to a number of causes, a principal one of which is the high cost of building and lack of ready capital. Also the visit of the Germans and consequent destruction in some cases has left sorrowful souvenirs and those concerned want to get away from all thought and trace of them. This is the case in some instances at Louvain whereas the contrary is true in some places along the Yser battle front. Here some of the residents are pleased to get back to their damaged or destroyed homesteads. The number of houses burned in Louvain was 1,120, mostly situated in the rich and business quarters. Up to date reconstruction has begun on about fifty or more.

Evidently with the prospect of taking care of the tourist traffic to Louvain in the future, a handsome large hotel has just been built. It is not the only one. There are three other new ones in operation, though not quite as large as the principal one. Although reconstruction in Louvain seems to be slow, the city authorities are prepared, when building shall have been begun on a more intensive scale, to consider modern methods of housing and sanitary conveniences. A communal decree has been issued, for instance, that certain districts destroyed by the fires cannot be reconstructed under the deplorable and insalubrious hygienic conditions of the past. American progress in town and city planning is also having an effect in Louvain, for the plans for rebuilding have been designed to include everything modern in this respect.